

THE SUMMER RETREATS.

Matters and Things at the Watering Places.

Letters from Saratoga Springs, Lake Mahopac, Newport, Lake George, Pateogue, &c., &c., &c.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 9, 1854.

Height of the Season—Expenses at the Hotels—Newport Society—Scarcity of Young Men—Robbery of Strangers, &c., &c.

The season of gaiety and folly at this much talked of "watering place" is now at its height, and everything is run fast, to make the most of the brief period allowed for the Newport people to make strange beds, and manoeuvring mamma to work off surplus daughters, that like old stocks of goods, are kept from last season, with faint hopes of a customer, and because they can't help themselves. The hotels are full at last, and visitors are supposed to be enjoying themselves. At any rate, they are going to great expense, under the belief that they must get something for their money. Some do, and many do not. From close observation for some years, I am satisfied that the visitors at Newport comprise principally the old fogies. Each year shows a falling off in young and marriageable men. Think of that, oh, ye fond mothers with fonder hopes for better luck next time. Every one wonders why it is so, especially the anxious mothers whose daughters are out. It is easily accounted for. One reason is that no man of sense wanting a wife would come here to look for one, and his time is much more agreeably spent in catching tautog and bass than being fished for himself, with a faded belle for a bait. The hook shows, and he must bite. Secondly, the expense of making a respectable appearance in Newport is about equal to a tour in Europe. The things which the price of living did not exceed that when in New York, but now every man, woman, and child from any other place is considered fair plumper, and in Rhode Island lago, they "put it on." There is not an old maid with an extra \$50 room in a rickety old house, with ceiling so low as to fill one's head with white-wash, that don't expect to let it to a family at the moderate charge of \$2 per day each person. They insist that a domestic maid makes a double room, but not admitting the person to get into bed in the usual manner; the feat is accomplished by vaulting over the foot-board.

The people are crazy, and blind to their own interest. Such a mistaken policy must eventually drive away all sensible people of moderate means, who cannot afford to spend in a two months' sojourn at Newport the profits of a year's business. The hotels are full, and nearly all the private houses have taken in strangers until they are running over. On the neighbor's for a night's lodging, and the ball is fairly opened. The Germania band, as editors say, "discourses sweet sounds" at the Ocean, Atlantic, and Bellevue, while a less ostentatious band, composed of some of Jullien's solo players, do likewise at the Touro and Agrideck; by the way, is there a musician running around loose in the whole country that was not of Jullien's "solo players?" Added to these attractions, an enterprising follower of Barnum has established the "Happy Family" under a booth opposite the Atlantic, which, on account of being almost the only one in Newport, certainly ought to be a curiosity; and last, not least, the organ grinder makes night noises with their perpetual lament for that distinguished gentleman "Uncle Ned," who has gone to a place to which one mentally consigns the inventor of that well-defined instrument for midnight torture. And as the "valley of peace and quietness" is very pleasant, just not having affected the crop, it has got to be a very expensive affair.

Newport at the present time is one grand feminine Tattersalls, and daily may be seen all the best points of the before-mentioned marriageable daughters, as they are trotted up and down the halls of the hotels, &c., well groomed and appointed, the old ladies keeping a sharp eye on them to see they don't "break" or show signs of "founder" from long service on the coast.

Beaus are lamentably scarce, and the demand very great, anything that looks like a man (and some things that don't) are eagerly appropriated. A clumsy fellow can tread on his partner's toes, or tear her dress down with impunity. She dare not quarrel for it's him or nobody. The Atlantic house is even worse off than the others, the company being mostly on the quiet order—by some voted "slow"—the consequence being a very dull prospect. We have but one dress who don't have a score of them. Many others have been prevailed on to do such a thing on account of course not.

To-morrow the grand yacht race comes off, of which I will tell you; and every yacht is being put in order, having their bottoms scraped, rigging set up, sails bent, &c.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

SARATOGA, August 10, 1854.

The "Fair"—Classification and Criticism of the Ladies, &c.

Fairs have been the rage for some years, and I have seen many, but the one most astounding, the most novel to me, is this one—at the United States, Saratoga. To classify the articles according to science, they come under the head of genus man. It is true, malice might put them down to the manufacturing interest, but for that just go and blame Dame Nature. Man has decreed, after his august self, that woman is the superlative of all the races. Now, I shall begin to describe them according as they stand on the list for prizes:

No. 1 occupies a nook on the back piazza a little above the usual height, graceful as a giraffe; face with faults, but with so many beauties that the defects are thrown into the shade; form, too, anatomically developed; a head perhaps a little inclined to desire admiration. In spite of these defects she is put down by the judges for the first prize. Men adore, women admire the dress, of which they are better judges than of female perfections. The vote has been unanimous, from the bowing head of silver sixty to the beardless boy in his first season of years. This superb being is in the possession of a serious man, whom many prize a prize.

No. 2 stands near the aforementioned article. She comes from a fiery volcano; has dark eyes that burn like young volcanoes; and her proud carriage tells its race and breeding, as an Arab horse, without mistake.

No. 3 is a Western fair, all smiles and ambitious of courting, as well as of being courted. Nature has been bountiful in shoulders and arms, and art has done the rest. I have not heard yet if she votes upon. Many others there that deserve to be honorably mentioned for their fine eyes—the only thing that one is sure is not false.

Next I come to an artificial race, not yet put down by men of science as a distinct class, i.e., widows. There are several, but they differ so much, that I must describe them apart. The first I would give the prize to, if I was judge, is her whose face is ugly, form graceful—dressed in the best ideal of a widow. No sighing over split mill, nor doctored decolleté, deep crepe, but boldly sets aside the weeds, and wears out a sign of violet colors. She looks as if she were not become her, and she says, "The grave has shrouded my sor-

row!" Others there are that only put on a white ribbon, veil their eyes with a shade of melancholy, and force a smile now and then, that for whom the bait is thrown shall flatter himself that he has power to charm the cloud from such deep sorrow. Indeed, weeds spoil a woman. She is like an unchained dog and she displays an accumulation of frivolities that, as a maid or wife, she could not indulge in.

The next specimen has taken a prize of yore, and now, resting on her laurels of by-gone days, she is still well preserved, and has some notoriety for a name, begged, borrowed, or bought, to a "title page."

Then comes a fair daughter of Eve with a disputed legacy. But need she care? Beauty has its price, and men of fortune never buy deprecatory—for when the senses are dulled, the eye becomes a sober judge; and there are many of such judges here; so it is as well to be sold as to buy.

I cannot omit to mention the chief judge in this great fair. He is a descendant of a President. No woman ever talked louder. The wave of his august hand is a decision. His nod is a blessing to those who have not passed the holy stairs of fashion.

LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE GEORGE, 8th month, 8th day, 1854.

Affairs at Lake George—Rush for the Herald—No Cholera—Fishing, &c., &c.

The first sensation after escaping from the glowing pavements and heated city is filled with pleasure; the next is sympathy for those we leave behind, who, in spite of the heat and dust, are obliged to toil on for their support, in spite of weather, unable to snuff the country air or enjoy a breathing spell.

By cars and stage we came to this fair spot, celebrated for its beauty and associations with the past, its islands and battle grounds, where holy blood was spilt for liberty. I have been to fashionable watering places where there was naught but dress; but to sit down in a quiet, cool spot on the banks of a lake noted for its purity, is a luxury that few enjoy. Here there is no slavery to fashion, but a comfortable enjoyment—one which can be found at few places.

A comfortable hotel, pleasant boarders, cool weather and good fishing, are the characteristics of this place. It is very easy of access by the steamer "John Jay, Capt. Farr." It has been equal, in my opinion, as I have experienced pleasures here to which Saratoga, Newport, &c., are "no circumstance."

There is a great rush for the Herald on the arrival of the steamer, and by night it is well worn. But we occasionally see the Times or Tribune, but rarely, as the Herald seems to be the "stand by." We read of the ravages of the cholera in New York and the principal cities; but as yet it has not dared to invade this lake.

The fishing here is the best in the lake. Bass, trout, pickerel and perch are the fish which are generally caught; the first especially, which is the best game fish I ever hooked. Trout brooks are plenty around here, as well as trout hooks. Bathing is fine; a sandy beach, where after dinner and segars, there is a great splashing. Then in the evening twilight the ladies take a row, some of whom can handle the "stick" out to the main boat. On Pic Nic Island there is a party camped out for two weeks—fine musicians, who have given us a rich treat in music once or twice. But patience and paper don't last always, so adieu.

LAKE MAHOPAC.

LAKE MAHOPAC, Aug. 10, 1854.

Conveyance to the Lake—The Ladies at Baldwin's—Amusements at Mahopac, &c.

I have observed many letters from the various watering places, in your valuable paper, and but few mentions of this delightful lake. I would, therefore, beg to call its attention to yourself and many patrons. After leaving New York by the Harlem Railroad, you stop at Croton Falls, where you find a sufficient number of conveyances to carry you to the Lake. A distance of six miles is soon accomplished by the stage, and you are brought up in front of Baldwin's Hotel, where you meet with many pretty faces to give you a happy greeting.

Baldwin's this season is not so gay as formerly, though there are many attractions for the young gentlemen, in the way of pretty ladies. Miss Maggie B., of New York, though not a beautiful lady, is at the same time very fascinating; the very interesting Mrs. K.—is the delight of the house—her gaiety and amiable disposition are appreciated by every admirer. Directly opposite to Baldwin's is Gregory's Hotel. There you meet with more life and gaiety than at any house at the Lake. The accommodating proprietor endeavors to do his utmost to please his guests, and I think, succeeds remarkably well. The beautiful Miss A., of Bridgeport; the sweet little Miss Julia B., of New York, and the very interesting Miss J., of Fifth avenue, add much to the attractions at Gregory's. We have but one other house at this place—Thompson's. It is considered, and decidedly is, the most aristocratic house at the Lake. They have amusements almost every evening, in the way of tableaux, &c. The very elegant and stylish Miss M., and the pretty Miss P., of New York, are very much admired.

The gentlemen are constantly getting up amusements for the ladies, and they deserve much credit for their endeavors, particularly in their attempts at riding parties, for with such stupid men to deal with as our lively man, it is very hard to accomplish anything.

PATCOGUE.

PATCOGUE, Suffolk County, L. I., August 5, 1854.

Situation of Patcoque—The Inducements for Visitors—Scenery, Politics, &c.

After an abortive attempt to rusticate at Long Branch, from the fact of an extraordinary press of visitors, your correspondent betook himself to this hitherto secluded spot, to enjoy an uninterrupted term of peace and enjoyment, and commune alone with that fair goddess who is in such gaudy attire arrayed to welcome a careworn denizen of the metropolis, for nature here spreads out one of her richest and most voluptuous feasts to those who can appreciate that divine creative faculty. Here there is a continued succession of lake and woodland scenery, and every species of recreation to be found elsewhere, for those benighted souls who are eternally tolling under a sense of city restriction.

Patcoque is situated about sixty miles from New York by the Long Island railroad, and of late years has become quite a thriving village. Mr. Roe, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, has provided ample accommodations for visitors, with no lack of amusement, and is very careful of administering to their bodily comfort. All are unanimous in according him the highest meed of praise for kind attention, and there is every prospect during the coming season for a goodly influx of visitors to this delightful retreat. Once celebrated, it will in due time be liberally patronized.

For miles around, the scenery is enchanting. Here is the picturesque little bay of Brookhaven, over which we cross to the beach. On landing, the first thing arresting the stranger's attention is the sullen, monotonous roar of the ocean—even in its calmest moments grand and sublime. The waves roll up the beach ever in terrible majesty, and the foam as far as the eye can reach is covered with foam. Sea bathing here far exceeds Cape May, in my estimation, and it is to be regretted that a place offering so many inducements should have been up to this time almost unknown. The water is not excellent, but by our own tests, and the fare equally excellent. There is an abundance of water-power from these beautiful little lakes, that stud the country in this section; and fishing and shooting are liberally practiced.

Politicians are numerous, and I am somewhat surprised at the ability often displayed in discussing the current topics of the day. The present imbecile and corrupt administration is universally condemned, and Franklin Pierce heralded forth as the great savior of the time—without principle or judgment. This is a mistake, and you are hardly sons of the soil are remarkable plain and pungent. The Herald is read with avidity, and is looked up to as the only true exponent of public opinions. Let all who have a wish for a week's recreation come here. I believe I have given it a sufficient recommendation, to which others are duly qualified to testify.

TAUGHANIC FALLS.

CATARAUGUS COUNTY, Taughanica Falls, Tompkins County, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1854.

Route to the Falls—Description of them—Hotel Accommodations, &c., &c.

Spending a short time in the country, away from the noise and bustle of city life, and having found one of the most beautiful retreats in the State, I cannot refrain from giving you, and through your Herald, the "rest of mankind," a short account of it. Leaving New York city in the morning, at 5 o'clock, by the New York and Erie Railroad, we passed over the road as far as Owego, where I arrived about 5 o'clock P.M. From Owego I immediately took the train of cars in waiting on the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad (by the way, one of the best managed railroads in this country, there never having been an accident on the road by which life was lost, as I am informed) or Ithaca, which place we reached about 7 o'clock the same evening.

Ithaca is situated at the head of Cayuga Lake, in an amphitheatre formed by surrounding hills. The approach to the village (soon to be a city) by the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad, is fine beyond description. You first see the place from the summit of South Hill, immediately below you, nearly 300 hundred feet, covered by forest of shade trees, from which fact is derived the name by which it is often called "Forest City."

Ithaca is the county seat of Tompkins county, and is a large and very thriving place, and has a population of nearly seven thousand. Remaining over night at the Clinton House, a well ordered and appointed hotel, the next morning I left, by steamer Forest City, on the silvery waters of Cayuga Lake, for this the finest water fall in the State. Descending the lake ten miles to Port Deposit, I left the steamer, and took carriage for Trumansburg, a beautiful village, in a most fruitful and charming country, it being the garden of the Genesee country, producing the Genesee wheat, of great celebrity—and from Trumansburg to this romantic and quiet retreat.

Taughanica Falls are situated about ten miles from Ithaca, one mile from the Western shore of Cayuga Lake, and about two miles from Trumansburg, upon Halsey's river—at some seasons of the year, nearly 300 feet, taking its rise in the highlands, between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, running through the gently undulating and fertile lands, having upon its borders a large number of mills.

About one mile above the Falls, it seems as if nature had tried to form an impassable barrier to the further progress of the river, the land rising abruptly some one hundred feet. But the water, first entering some fissure of the rock, has, by degrees, worn an immense channel. For this mile the stream passes through a gorge walled up with stone from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred feet high, the sides being perpendicular. At the Falls, the immense walls of stone wing off to the right and left, the water falling perpendicular two hundred and ten feet into a ravine from three hundred and seventy to four hundred feet deep. At this season, it being very dry, there is not a great depth of water running over the falls—the width of the water making the fall being about fifty feet. The water, in its descent, soon after leaving the top of the fall, separates itself into a dense white spray, and looks like an immense gauze veil. From the foot of the fall, the immense ravine continues about one mile, the stream meandering through it until it unites itself with the fair waters of Cayuga Lake.

It is strange that these falls are not more known. If known as they should, there would be no greater place of resort in the State. The lake is very beautiful, and is to be found on the Hudson river. It is, I can assure you, a most charming place of resort. There are two hotels here in the woods, the best being the Cataract House, kept by J. S. Halsey, a very commodious house, and supplied with an abundance of good things to satisfy the appetite. In his reading room, among other papers, you always find the well known face of the Herald.

If any from your corps editorial see fit to visit this place, I will warrant them a warm reception, and good fare, and they will also find me a thousand times for penning you this hasty letter.

NEWBURG.

POWELLTON HOUSE, NEWBURG, August 9, 1854.

Beauties of Newburg—Society at the Hotels, &c., &c.

It has appeared a little singular to many of the sojourners at this delightful summer retreat, that while posting your army of correspondents at various points throughout our land, you should have neglected this. A want of knowledge of this particular locality, and the many natural beauties which surround the place on every side, to say nothing of those within the walls of the "Powelton," must be your excuse; for I can assure you that there are few places at home or abroad that can at all compare with it, and none which is graced with a more select and intelligent class of summer wanderers. Situated back and north of the village of Newburg, about one and a half miles, and about eight hundred feet above, and overlooking the noble Hudson, with a back ground as picturesque as the "hills of Dutchess," are grand and beautiful, with a view up the river for miles, every one of which contains a subject worthy the pencil of a Cole. Then to the right looking towards New York, you see the mighty embattlements of nature rearing their stupendous heights high towards the heavens, and whose brows seem to frown upon the dark waters at their feet, for daring to force its way into their very bowels, and daringly ascending their natural and fraternal embraces. Well may old St. Anthony bow his towering head, or even blush his Dutch nose in sorrow that he is thus separated forever from his brothers "over the way."

Indeed, it is altogether a splendid view—a study, a poem—and pleasing it is to know that many a gentleman of wealth and taste have selected sites in this gloriously picturesque neighborhood for their summer abodes.

The grounds of many of these gentlemen farmers are level indeed, and well cultivated in gravelled walks and carriage-ways, planted with the choicest forest and fruit trees, and all things made most inviting. Here the Powells, the Halls, the Algiers, the Delanoes, Betts, Elliotts and Balls, and above all the most lamented Downing, have each strove, and not in vain, to make for themselves "homes" unsurpassed for taste and elegance. Here, too, is the old and much venerated stone house, built in 1751, and occupied by Washington as his headquarters during the revolutionary war. Idlewild is but a short distance from the Powelton, and a dozen other spots, as Idle, Orangetake, and other "sweet spots" add delightful roads leading to all these various points, are a few of the pleasing surroundings of the good Powelton House. From its balconies, the sojourner can take in with a single sweep of the eye, all this and much more; but there are alterations within, not to be overlooked or slighted. But what can I say of the inmates of this summer retreat? To say the ladies are beautiful, brilliant, charming, seems to be following too closely the stereotyped and dulling of the fair and pure sex. I shall be guilty of no such idle gossip.

THE ALLEGHANY AND THE YELLOW SPRINGS.

The following notice of the above resorts is from an editorial in the Evening Post, and is well distributed to these Springs and their gentlemanly proprietors:

"Among these watering places we commend the Yellow and the Allegany. Their proprietors are liberal and generous, more intent upon establishing the reputation of their property than making merchandise of their virtues. They are, as yet, unsophisticated in the art of skimming a guest with spike segars, cochineal French brandy, baker's bread, four-hill coffee, free passages on the canal, and other devices which mark the perfected watering place. Indeed, mere existence is a luxury amid the climate, the comforts, and the scenery which surround the mountain springs. There are green meadows, a clear sparkling spring, and living brooks shaded by pine and sugar maple, rich milk, golden butter, fat mutton and fresh bread. Then there is the entire freedom from care, which enables one to devote himself to ten pins or shovel board with all the ambition of a soldier, or to a statesman to labor in getting up a picnic as if he were securing the capital stock of a line of trans-Atlantic steamers, to come home triumphant in the capture of a string of fish which would not command five cents in any market, and to find, on his return, the same old man, with his shins, and repeatedly told his handkerchief and 'temper.' And then after refreshment and ablation, to plunge into the mazy dance, forgetful of awkwardness, infirmity or the mirth of others, as if it were a social duty to be discharged at every sacrifice. Then there are cool nights, early rising, cheerful company, moderate charges and no other connection with the busy world than to hear of its chollers and failures, by the daily mail. That there is no more of the 'Frying House' and 'American pling child,' confined to the close fetters of the city, when there are such healthful and happy asylums within reach, is a great defect in the local economy; and when the politicians shall have succeeded in their efforts to get the State under the superintendence of Mr. Mitchell, of Albany, will be, in respect to site and arrangement, the most complete in the United States. We speak from a knowledge of the general plan, without assuming to give details, but it is not to be denied our remarks. It will be on the site of the Pa-go-go, so well known to the visitors of two or three years ago, and surrounded by noble trees. A fine grove covers the four or five, or perhaps more, acres of solid rock, and a stream, the water of which will send up its mists and its eternal roar into the sky. From the front balconies a view will be obtained of Goat Island and the Great Horse Shoe Fall, unsurpassed by any other view in the vicinity. All this is to be had, for the price of a dollar, the names of the subscribers to the fund of which it is to be built, comprising many of the

house, and probably, the same number at no other place. Have the same exquisite enjoyment, or more sensible and healthy pleasures. Entire sociability reigns throughout. No needless attempts to outdo each other in dress; none of those supremely ridiculous airs of attempted exclusiveness, which cause so much misery to the really wealthy, is seen here; but amiability is the ruling grace, each seeming to strive to make the short sojourn of the other pleasant and agreeable. On withdrawing from this "summer home," the acquaintances formed here at an end or not, just as each may choose. We have the usual quantity of bowling and billiards, an unusual quantity of rides, and rambles through the hills, a little fishing, and a vast deal of dancing. The Southern belle is as brilliant here as elsewhere, while the Northern beauty gains additional charms in this soft, invigorating, health-inspiring mountain air. The house itself under the management of our old hosts of the Waverley, Blake & Reade. Mrs. Reade, who is Minister of the Interior, neglects nothing to make her guests comfortable and contented. In short, this is a place once visited, will be sure to be selected again for a summer retreat.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, Aug. 8, 1854.

Scenery of the Catskill Mountains—View from Mount Merino—An Interesting Reminiscence.

We are in the country! Away off from the noise and hurry, and bustle of city life, but not free from the intense heat of summer. The thermometer should be more depressed, for a dark cloud has hung over it for the last hour, with a dampening aspect, but, notwithstanding, the mercury will not fall below the nineties. But the cloud, at least, protects us from the sun's scorching rays, and from beneath its shadow we can the better trace the outline of the Catskill range.

Here, on the top of Mount Merino, (who so named I cannot conceive,) is the spot of all others to gain a view of these grand mountains. Resting your gaze for a few moments upon the "swift flowing stream," watching it, may be the sportive frolic of the lazy sturgeon, or the quicker motion of the striped bass, as they dart from beneath the surface after their prey, casting innumerable miniature rainbows around them, as they sink again to renew the chase; pausing with wonder at the mistake made by the good old Dutchmen in getting on the wrong side of the river, and not making Athens the city instead of Hudson—the former having every natural advantage—and then letting your vision bound, as it were, up the gentle slopes, until with one spring it rests upon the summit of the highest peak, with the clear blue sky for a background. Oh! who could not gaze on such a scene for ever? Are we enthusiasts? Well, we may be. Our city pictures are placed in smaller frames than this; and if our admiration here is boundless, so is the splendor of the mighty view before us. With the aid of our glass (not of spirits—we are "high" enough already without) we can discern the objects, human or otherwise, with perfect minuteness. Yet much is left to conjecture. Where does that road lead to? Is there any trout in that stream? Do pedestrians ever reach that point?

What house is that half hid in that clump of trees? Hold! Of that house or shed I can tell you something. Five years ago, four young men, students in your busy city, during the usual summer vacation, projected a pedestrian tour through, or over these mountains. With knapsacks on their shoulders, and with sufficient "dimes," they started. Their peregrinations extended over the whole range; they were well, and enjoyed the scenery, and endured the fatigue, as only young men can. They were in the last look of the surrounding grandeur preparatory to the descent, one of their number was seized with fainting fits, and was of course unable to proceed. To shelter him from the sun, his companions, with affection's ready hand, collected some broken trunks and branches of trees, and hastily created that shed, which since then has received some additions. But poor B. grew weaker, and, after a few moments' rest, he expired. They were unable to carry him to the nearest road in the valley, where they were fortunate to secure a conveyance to the nearest steamboat landing. Homeward they journeyed, sad and dispirited—lately, so gay and buoyant. B. never recovered; a few weeks of intense suffering past, and he reposed in Greenwood. One of his companions, H., sleeps near him, and a few weeks ago, the only survivor of that merry party, preached a funeral sermon over the remains of the third dead. That shed to the careless and unconscious gazer, can have no interest; but to us, it stands as it were a finger-post, high up the road to heaven—to point where they are burying now. How memory will steal o'er our hearts, and with her love-revealing show those faces that we knew so well!

By a strange coincidence, the boat which bore the "young brave hearts" back to their native city, five summers since, is passing now; and as the spruce ascends from out her rigging, and sails fade away, it seems an immense "happy three" that is no more of earth.

A DAY'S SOJOURNER.

New York capitalists, are a guarantee for the completion of the house. It will have this attraction, of which very few public houses can boast—splendid groves, and a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country. It is not a park or a square, understanding those terms in their general sense; but a noble grove, abounding in fine trees, and a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country. It is not a park or a square, understanding those terms in their general sense; but a noble grove, abounding in fine trees, and a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country. It is not a park or a square, understanding those terms in their general sense; but a noble grove, abounding in fine trees, and a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country.

The valuable site of this hotel was given to the company by the families of the late General Peter B. and Judge Porter, who were the proprietors of the tract for the purposes of the hotel, as inducement to build it. The house is in the immediate vicinity of the ferry across the river, and the suspension bridge, and is a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country. It is not a park or a square, understanding those terms in their general sense; but a noble grove, abounding in fine trees, and a position, which, when put into proper condition, as it soon will, will be no equal in the whole country.

The inhabitants of the village of Niagara Falls have done good service to themselves and their place, lately, by the wisdom and consent of the streets, and the removal of a number of old, ruinous and unsightly buildings, which spoiled the looks of the place and made the passage way to the river unpleasant. More could with advantage be removed; but, as the good work has commenced, it will progress until the immediate vicinity of the Falls becomes a delightful promenade, as it was designed by the Creator. The hotel is to be finished and put into working condition as soon as possible, and when in operation there will be at the Falls what has long been wanted—rooms for the winter. The Cataract and the International are excellent in their way, but another house is required, so that all persons may be accommodated with rooms for the whole season for the winter, while the summer is occupied up at Saratoga all summer when so many attractions invite them to Niagara Falls, where human beings may spend the season in a rational manner, without benefit to themselves as physical and moral beings.

Our Steuben County Correspondence. BATH, (Steuben county,) Aug. 18, 1854.

The County of Schuyler Nullified—Decision of a Judge Pronouncing the Late Unconstitutional—The Fruits of Lobbying Destroyed.

The hundred thousand daily readers of the Herald will recollect that during the sessions of the New York Legislature for the last dozen years, much time has been spent, and terrible excitement existed upon, the subject of dividing the county of Steuben. Every year, as certain as the Legislature convened, the controversy was renewed, and the parties for and against a division were so equally balanced in both legitimate branches and in the lobby, that no conclusion could be satisfactorily arrived at. The contestants were the lawyers, some residing at Bath, the county seat, others in the different villages on the Erie road and elsewhere. A law was finally adopted in 1853, by which Steuben kept her jurisdiction and her territory, but for the accommodation of the scattered petitioners, the county was divided into two jury or judicial districts, authorizing the Governor to appoint disinterested commissioners to locate a seat of justice for the new half-shire. The village of Addison, being nearest the centre, was conceded on all sides to be the proper place where the new county buildings should be located; but instead of this, the commissioners, for reasons not yet satisfactorily given, and likely never to be, selected the village of Corning, lying in the extreme south-east corner of the county. This produced the greatest disappointment and mortification to the friends who obtained the passage of the law, and also to the thousands of the people residing in that portion of the county who were to have been benefited by the half-shire. Finding that there was no possible method by which the decision of the commissioners could be upset, an attempt was made to repeal the law, but the influence at Corning and this city was too potent to permit it.

Then a powerful lobby appeared, and urged the necessity of a new county seat on parts of Steuben on the west, and a tier of towns from Allegany on the west, comprising eight or ten towns. The lobby succeeded in one branch of the Legislature. The opponents then saw that the only chance of defeating the new county was to make it a political question. Wm. M. Hawley and other democrats were the leading applicants, who wanted the county seat at Hornellsville, where they owned the requisite sites for the county buildings. The whigs thought that they saw a cat in the meat bag, in the shape of a strange democratic county, should the law pass. Immediately a counter application was made. Chas. Cook, of Chemung, repaired to the lobby. Being the most influential man in that region, he at once drew up a programme whereby a new county could be erected out of parts of Chemung, (including the village of Havana,) and parts of Steuben and Tompkins counties; and instead of erecting a new county, as desired by Hawley, and for which there existed some show of necessity, why, the whig Legislature undertook to make the new county of Schuyler—as desired by Mr. Cook—the county buildings, of course, at Havana. So it will be perceived that politics alone controlled the matter, and no reference was had as to necessity or convenience.

But a veto has reared its frightful head. A man named Eveland, residing in a portion of the territory included in this alleged new county of Schuyler, has been prosecuted by the officers of the territory to recover penalties for violations of the excise law. It appears that his town was divided in the formation of the new county, and he came within its jurisdiction. Eveland resisted payment, on the ground that the law erecting the county was unconstitutional, and that he resided still in the town of Wayne, instead of being set off into the town of Tyrone. The case was carried to the Steuben county court, and was recently argued by distinguished counsel. Judge Larrowe has just published his opinion declaring the law unconstitutional, principally on the ground that the new county, according to the last census, does not possess the requisite number of inhabitants to entitle it to a member of the Assembly in the Legislature; and also on the ground that by cutting up Chemung county as the law does, that county is left without a sufficient number for a member. In the first case, the deficiency will be 2,501; in the latter 608, according to the last census, which is the only basis upon which a representation can be formed until the year 1856, when the census of 1855 shall have been taken. So it will be perceived that the county of Schuyler is effectually vetoed. The points of facts and arguments used by the afore-said Judge appear strong and undeniable, and should the case be carried to the highest judicial tribunals, it seems that he must be sustained. The fact that the territory included in the new county did not contain the requisite number of inhabitants, was shown over and over again to the Legislature and the executive. So much for political legislation, and a fear to veto a bill, at the head of the session. The decision of Judge Larrowe is likely to stand as the judgment of the courts, and further action suspended until another census is taken.

Origin and Cause of Desertion in the United States.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN, August 4, 1854.

Through the medium of your very valuable journal, I beg leave to call the attention of those interested, and to state the fact, that one of the principal causes of desertion in this corps, is owing and attributable to a great measure to a want of discretion on the part of those in charge, or in other words, to make myself perfectly understood, to a proper want in punishing those who deserve it, and in allowing those whose conduct and deportment merit it, every privilege which the service grants them, and in not restricting some for the acts of others, who should alone suffer the penalty of their own deeds.

As I trust every reasonable mind, Mr. Editor, will justify me, for the reverse course, as we must all admit, has only a tendency to cause those whose department has always been, and would ever continue correct, to plunge themselves away, contrary to their will and wishes, in either deserting the ranks, or in

the commission of some other offence, for which they would at once be amenable to the service in which they have enlisted for the space of four years. Further, Mr. Editor, are those who have placed themselves so completely beyond all redemption, to be reclaimed by acts of harsh or lenient men, and measures? is a question on which there cannot be a doubt; for our daily observation and experience too truly teaches us, that in this intelligent and enlightened age, men cannot be reclaimed by the use or resort of tyrannical measures. It might be so in a heathen and uncivilized land, but certainly cannot in this American age in which we now live, and the very breathing atmosphere and canopy of Heaven. As a soldier's life is perhaps the least thought of by those who should care for them, it will not accordingly be amiss for me to here remark, for the information and knowledge of those at "Washington," that our quarters here are the most uncomfortable that can be found among all the various stations, and it is a subject which demands immediate attention and action. As I don't think there could be a soldier found, to house it in these quarters the coming winter, and as Congress has at last taken one bold and determined step in the increase of their pay, will they not now be secure their comfortable quarters, while they do sojourner on land, and in making them as comfortable as they can be made, which is now their only wish.

Then, when we do depart to meet the Cubans, we will make it tell, as did Capt. Hollins, at San Juan del Norte. I have now trespassed on your columns, at greater length than I intended when I commenced, Mr. Editor; and as it is but an act of justice, which the soldier claims against you, by giving the foregoing an insertion, through the medium of your paper, will confer a great favor on yours, truly, YR. SOLDIER.

The West Indies.

OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMILTON, BERMDUDA, August 31, 1854.

Military Movements—The Privateer of the West India Waters—War Steamers of England—The Weather.